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PARROT ISLAND

The parrots come, they cross the river waters of Wu.
The island in the river is called Parrot Island.
The parrots are flying West to the Dragon Mountain.
There are sweet grasses on the island, and how green, green are its trees!

The mists part and one can see the leaves of the spear orchid, and its scent is
warm on the wind,
The water is embroidered and shot with the reflections of the peach-tree
blossoms growing on both banks.
Now indeed does the departing official realize the full meaning of his banishment.
The long island, the solitary moon, facing each other in the brightness.

THE BATTLE TO THE SOUTH OF THE CITY

How dim the battle-field, as yellow dusk!
The fighting men are like a swarm of ants.
The air is thick, the sun a red wheel.
Blood dyes the wild chrysanthemums purple.
Vultures hold the flesh of men in their mouths,
They are heavy with food—they cannot rise to fly.
There were men yesterday on the city wall;
There are ghosts to-day below the city wall.
Colors of flags like a net of stars,
Rolling of horse-carried drums—not yet is the killing ended.
From the house of the “unworthy one”—a husband, sons,
All within earshot of the rolling horse-drums.

AUTUMN RIVER SONG

(On the Broad Reach)

In the clear green water—the shimmering moon;
In the moonlight—white herons flying.
A young man hears a girl plucking water-chestnuts,
They paddle home together through the night, singing.